

THE Whigs Lamentation,

OR

The Tears of a True-Blue PROTESTANT Dropp'd for the loss of their unforfeitable CHARTER, and Surprizing Discovery of their New intended PLOT against his most Sacred Majesty, in a Dialogue between *Whig* and *Tory*.

Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum.

Whig. **O**H Lucifer! Beelzebub! Oh all ye Infernal Powers (Powers that ever yielded immediate assistance to the Petitions of all your black Profelytes) seize, Oh! seize this wretched Carkass and convey it to the *Syagian-Lake*, that it may if possible be Buried in Oblivion to Eternity: Oh! Whirl it into your Regions of Darkness where it may never see that Light which it ever here contemned: Oh! carry and transport it to that Land where *Obscurity Reigns in it's greatest Splendour*, where nothing but dismal Objects present themselves and where all *Associators* are made *Free-Denizens* by your appointment: Oh! Ye *Plutonian Regiment* as you have been ever assistant upon all occasions (which I have frequently and experimentally tryed) so now deny me not this my final request, but tear this cursed Body into as many pieces as may correspond with those *Innumerable villanies* which it has Acted on this *Terranean Stage*.

Tory. Why, how now *Whig*, what's the matter? sure some *Hag* has metamorphos'd you into a *Spectrum*, or seeming *Apparition*, or at least some unaccountable Amazement has seized your Vitals; for certainly all's not well, your very aspect denoting but a *Transmigration*.

Whig. No such matter; the Fates are not yet so kind, I fear they owe me a great spight, for there would be nothing more grateful to this cursed Carkass then it's Immediate seizure by all the *Infernal-Spirits*.

Tory. Come, come, disclose the occasion, that I may apply a *Salvo* if possible; for you have lived long enough one would think to purchase confidence to tell thy friend.

Whig. Yes, yes I'll unburden my very Soul as soon as Grief will let me, which possibly may hence that you take a *Holy Pride* to your selves, and say to the rest of the World, *stand off?* In Fine it is from hence that you call the common Infirmities of Mankind, crying Sins, National Sins, bowdy'd Sins, black and blew Sins, and your own nothing but slips and failings, It is from hence that you put a discriminating Character on all that deride your formal Hypocrisie as Formalists, Carnalists, dry Moralists, withered Fig-trees, out-side men, Negative Holiness-men, *Opus Operatum* men, will-worshippers, lukewarm Professors and what not: Hence is it that you talk of nothing but new Light and Prophecy, Spiritual

Tory. Why, what's become of all your *vindicating Patriots*, your *pack'd Jurys*, your *National Saviours*, you *unforfeitable Charters*, are they all vanished? For really *Whig* I should sooner expected to have seen the *French King* turn *Calvinist*? then such a *Mutation, Whig*.

Whig. Why truly I much more wonder, since we had so sure *Footing* as one would have thought to have brought all our hopeful projects to perfection, but (*va nobis Infamia!*) they now have proved abortive and instead of Riding in our *Coach and six*, instead of sitting at the *Helm* of

the Government and enjoying the greatest places of *Trust and Honour*, we have been persecuted from one *City* to another, for the *Good old Cause*, *Holiness to the Lord* being our *Eternal Banner*, and in fine the *Poor distressed Israel of God* is from a *Dominus Dominantium* become a *servus servorum*.

Tory. Indeed your sufferings have been highly *Eminent* and *Notorious* to the whole World: You have suffered your selves to be *Transported* by the blind Zeal of *Fanaticism* not only to raise up Arms against his late *Martyr'd Majesty* but even actually cut off his Head to make him the more *Glorious*, and (to shew that it's Essential to a *Whig* to retain and maintain the cursed principles he Imbibed at first) have by all the *Stratagems* imaginable endeavoured to send his present Majesty after him; not considering, That *touch not mine Anointed* (being utter'd by the Majesty of Heaven) renders the Persons of *Princes sacred* and puts a *Guard* upon them, which to violate though in our own defence is to Proclaim open War against God Himself.

Whig. But must not the New *Jerusalem* be Propagated as the second *Temple* was, with the Sword in one hand and the Trowel in the other? If we that are the only *Israelites* be commanded by the Lord of Hosts to destroy all the *Egyptians* must we not obey God rather than man?

Tory. Very well, I see the Old pretence of *Religion* will never leave you, did you not ever make it a Cloak but not a Garment? did you not ever Practise upon the People with a *flage Drum* and the solemn looks of a *verily verily*? Is it not from hence that you put off the Magors of your own fancy for *Divine Inspirations*? Is it not from hence that you obtrude your *Enthusiasm* for *Sanctified Revelations*? Is it not from hence that you take a *Holy Pride* to your selves, and say to the rest of the World, *stand off?* In Fine it is from hence that you call the common Infirmities of Mankind, crying Sins, National Sins, bowdy'd Sins, black and blew Sins, and your own nothing but slips and failings, It is from hence that you put a discriminating Character on all that deride your formal Hypocrisie as Formalists, Carnalists, dry Moralists, withered Fig-trees, out-side men, Negative Holiness-men, *Opus Operatum* men, will-worshippers, lukewarm Professors and what not: Hence is it that you talk of nothing but new Light and Prophecy, Spiritual

Spiritual Incomes, In dwellings, Emanations, Manifestations, Sealings, and the like Spiritual Gibberish, to which also the Zealous twang of the Nose adds no small Efficacy. Are your Prayers any thing but a Rhapsody of Holy hickups, sanctified Barkings, Illuminated Goggles, Sighs, Sobs, yea, Cloaks, Gasps, Groanes not more Unintelligible then nau seous? What are all your Preach-ments but a wild Career over Hill and Dale, Thump upon Thump, Yelp upon Yelp, Doctrine upon Doctrine, Rule upon Rule, Reason upon Reason, Text upon Text, Proof upon Proof, Direction upon Direction, Motive upon Motive, Sign upon Sign, Token upon Token, Effect upon Effect, and uses more then Innumerable?

Whig. Not so fast; let us now come to the touch, would it not vex you to lose all your Liberties and Franchises for I know not what?

Tory. Yes, its evidently Notorious for what; pray what were all your *Ignoramus* Juries for? what was the meaning of your *Guild-Hall* Riots, but the *Preludiums* of an *after-Game* which they knew would succeed it, and which they were engaged to be Bloody Actors in, a Design so Hellish and Transcendently Flagitious, that *Treason* it self stands Amazed, to see her self out-done by such pretended Protestants?

Whig. Ay, you do well to cast it upon the Protestants, but what if the *Pope* should be in the Belly of it, and a *Jesuite* at the bottom?

Tory. Why truly *Whig*, I must needs say (as was hinted before) that as never any *Treason* was Acted or intended by a *Sanctified Brother*, but he had the Specious pretext of Religion to colour it, so never any Plot was hatched or perpetrated by them but it was cast upon that Party; was Not the last *Uncivil-Civil* War said to be occasioned by the *Pope*, and the Horrid Murder of the best of Kings cast upon the *Jesuits*, a Murder that can never be parallel'd by the most bigotted *Papist*; a Murder that *Heaven* it self stood Amazed to see, which prov'd the shame and scandal of the Protestant Religion to all the World, and was enough to make the very *Turks* and *Heathens* Bless themselves, for being not of that Religion, which seemed then to allow such unparallel'd Villanies.

Whig. But supposing some things may have been done amiss in times past, what's that to the present?

Tory. Only the same men at work again, the same way of manage, the same fears and jealousies the same scandals, the same Ground of Quarrels pretended, *Insurrections*, *Plots*, and *Rebellions* raised on the same Foundations, and every thing the same over again, unless the success.

Whig. Come, come say what you will I cannot believe but the *Jesuits* and the Rest of the *Papal* crew have been the main Instruments in Contriving the unhappy Differences which are now among us, and that they still carry on their Old Intrigues of bringing in *Arbitrary Government* and *Subverting the true Protestant Religion* and destroying all its lovers.

Tory. And indeed I cannot but tell you that

a *Whig* (or as they term him *A True Protestant*) is that sort of *Animal* that smells an Imaginary Plot or Design in every Jest and Complement; he may be compared to a *Spider*, that mistakes every Noise or breath for a besome ready to sweep down her Web, and retires to her Hole of Refuge. If he hears the *stale Gall* of the *Popes* being to marry the great *Turks* Daughter, or of *Spinola's* *Whale* that should have been hir'd to have drown'd *London*, by snuffing up the *Thames* and spouting it upon the *City*, he doubts there may be somewhat in't, and can shrewdly guess who had a Finger in the Plot up to the very Elbow. He is a *Creature* that concludes all *Women* (except the *Holy Sister-hood*) *Witches*, and all the *Young Ladies* Painted, and doubts something of *Characterism* in their *black* *Patches* to distinguish them from others, when the Enemy shall have taken the *Town*. He is his own Rack and Torturer, and winds himself up by the easy *Pullies* of his over Suspicion and Jealousies into a thousand fears, where there is none at all. His Disease is much like that of *Jealousie*, where-to (as one says) almost every thing serves for Food, scarce any thing for *Physick*. And yet (good man) If any of his *Holy Cheats* (as the *Good old Gentleman* at *Bath*) chance to step aside with a *Sister*, why truly it was no such matter, a *Slander* cast upon him by the *Papists* to stigmatize their *Holy Cause*; and if any of them endeavour and Plot to kill his *Sacred Majesty*, and subvert the best of *Governments*, why truly (tho they cause it themselves) it's the *Papists* doing still, and nothing in't.

Whig. But what think you of this new Plot?

Tory. Why I think it the greatest piece of villany that ever *Hell* invented or *Malice* it self could imagine to perpetrate.

Whig. Have you not seen the Speech of the *Lord Russell*?

Tory. Yes, and 'tis certainly the greatest piece of *Jesuitism* that ever saw the light. Sometimes his Lordship knows nothing of a Plot, and sometimes he owns there were ill Designs, and words spoken with more heat then judgment, 'tis strange his Lordship that pretends himself to dye of the *Reformed Religion*, should be Guilty of such damnable Equivocations: I would fain know what these *ill Designs* mean, what are these heats? Certainly his Lordship had a greater love for his *Associating Gang* to save their *Bacon* by concealing the rest, then he had for his *Eternal* welfare, which undoubtedly depended on the truth of what he attested at this *Final* hour, unless you will admit he Dy'd a *Jesuite*, and merited by such concealments.

Whig. Well I could never Imagine such *Parties* could be Guilty of these Horrible villanies, but that 'tis so Evident that the most impudent cannot deny it, and (with thanks for your Counsel) resolve to *Herd* no more with such *Cattle* whom I now find to be the very *abstract* and *Episome* of *Treachery*, who may now bid farewell to all their hopeful projects and lye down and cry, *Ne nobis infamis*.